

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers, followed by fair weather this afternoon; cooler, southwest winds.

THE LESSON OF THE LYNCHING.

The deplorable outbreak at Urbana, Ohio, in which two citizens were killed and eight wounded in the course of a successful attempt to lynch a black negro, brings into striking relief a remarkable defect in the logical processes of the practical American mind. All through the West and South it seems to be an admitted principle that assaults on women call for the infliction of the death penalty in the most summary possible way. Yet in hardly any of the States is this principle embodied in the laws. In the Urbana case the prisoner had received a prompt trial and had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment—the full legal limit. The crowd thought this was not enough, and hanged the wretch at the cost already noted.

It is strange that men who feel so intensely on this subject as to be willing to take their lives in their hands to avenge the crime do not think enough of it when their Legislatures are in session to secure the passage of laws making the deed a capital offense. If there were such laws the same public sentiment that impels the mobs to override the officers would compel judges and juries to enforce the legal penalties.

It happens that the law has been brought into harmony with public opinion in Virginia, and there the lynching problem seems to have been substantially solved. Simultaneously with the news of the Urbana battle comes a brief dispatch from Fairfax: "James Lewis, colored, who was recently convicted of assault on Mrs. Reidel, of this place, was hanged this morning." That is decidedly more civilized and more satisfactory than a bloody riot, ending in a lynching. The best thing the friends of order in the lynching States can do is to work for the prompt passage of laws by which men can be legally executed for offenses which public opinion deems worthy of death.

A CALL ON GRATITUDE.

If Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Searies have any gratitude in them they will do something to commemorate their acquittal by Judge Bradley. There are but few ways, owing to our human limitations, in which we can express our highest feelings in permanent form. Statuary is one of them. The figure of Judge Bradley, in bronze, upholding the law and defying common sense, set up on Pennsylvania avenue, would be an inspiration and a brace to Senators on their trips from the headquarters of the Sugar Trust to the legislative chamber.

Possibly, however, Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Searies shrink from paying so direct a tribute to a friend. In that case the noble principle of which they are for the moment the foremost representatives can otherwise be emphasized. At Casino Beach, Astoria, they are digging up hidden treasure, supposed to have been secreted there by an old-time operator who if now alive would be in the sugar or some other trust or know the reason why. The sands of Casino Beach are yielding doubloons, pieces of eight and coins of the kind that tell their own story of enterprise and remoteness—that are eloquent of the passed day of simpler methods but identical purpose. It would be a grateful act, one calculated to please Judge Bradley and stimulate the walking of the plank of justice, were Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Searies to go down in their own or somebody else's pockets and erect a statue to Captain Kidd. All the trusts, we should say, would be glad to contribute if Washington expenses are so heavy as to render the sugar people anxious about further outlay.

THE BATTERED RAINES LAW.

Just in New York will go very far out of its way to inflict collective punishments upon people who can show a reasonable defense against the charge of violating a law that was passed against the city's protest. The result will probably be that it will be only the more flagrant offenders that will suffer.

The chief sufferer apparently will be the community. There are nearly seven hundred accumulated cases dependent upon this decision, not to speak of the thousands of others that will come in in due course hereafter, and there is danger that both the General Sessions Court and the District-Attorney's office may be blocked by them to the exclusion of more important matters. The proposed creation of a special court to deal with excise cases may be a necessity if the Raines policy be regarded as a permanency, but perhaps a better plan would be to render the law more easily enforceable by bringing it into harmony with local sentiment and common sense.

WANAMAKER STICKS TO HIS GUNS.

His place might have become excited when made the object of a pointed slur by the President of the United States at a banquet at which both were guests, but not so Wanamaker. With admirable poise he assumes that the President did not have him in mind when he expressed the opinion that a patriot made a better citizen than a pessimist, although all of Mr. McKinley's retainers have been chuckling over the snub ever since. He regrets the interpretation put upon this remark, purely upon the President's account, because "he will probably dislike to have a meaning given to his words that he did not contemplate."

Whether this fine assumption that all is serene can be maintained or not, Mr. Wanamaker has no reason to feel disturbed at the turn affairs have taken. He told the truth, he stands by it, and he can afford to stand by it. Consequently he may feel at ease on every side, whatever the President may see fit to say about him. Mr. Wanamaker said:

The country is not prosperous. Since the outset of the last Presidential campaign the party, press and political leaders generally fixed the November election of 1896 as the date of the beginning of good times. A full half year has expired since the will of the Republican party was declared. Thus far but one of the important issues of the campaign is nearing settlement, and hardly any noticeable improvement of the wretched times is manifest. The tide will soon set in strongly against the Republican party unless the depression in business is altered. Idleness and want breed a bitter discontent which will never be overcome until there are ample employments.

The foes America has to fear are not the sullen, savage Turks, nor the insurrectionists of Cuba, nor the territory-grasping British, but they are our own patient and heart-tired people—our own suffering, much-promised people—who, betrayed and disappointed, no longer have faith in their party, and will turn to any leader

ships that offer promise of better times, believing that worse times can never come than those now existing.

He has never attempted to explain that utterance away. He has never said that he was misreported, as so many weak-kneed politicians would have done in his place. And the reason President McKinley and the Republican leaders in Congress have taken such dire offense at Mr. Wanamaker's observations is that they see no way to answer them. They cannot be answered except by action in the interest of the public, and such action the Republican leaders are under bonds not to take.

AN INVASION OF GHOSTS.

The impulsive and fearless Watterson has set to work with characteristic energy to save the Democratic party from the danger of a third nomination of Cleveland. He proves to demonstration that such a nomination would not rehabilitate the Democracy. He holds that Mr. Cleveland's reappearance on the scene "would at once change the issue from one of sound economics to that of a third term for the Presidency—a fatal transfer on the very threshold; fatal alike to success at the polls and to good government."

Colonel Watterson's arguments are incontrovertible and we frankly acknowledge ourselves convinced by them. From this moment we renounce any desire we may have cherished to see Mr. Cleveland again in the Presidency. The general welfare is paramount, and mere personal preferences must perforce give way.

But having achieved this triumph we trust the Colonel will not stop. There are other dangers more threatening than that of a third term for Cleveland. What of the scheme to secure another nomination for Andrew Johnson? We do not deny that Mr. Johnson had his merits, but does the Democracy wish to be held responsible for the entire record of his Administration? And what about the political ambitions of John Tyler? That Mr. Tyler rendered some unexpected services to the Democracy in his day we freely admit, but taken all in all his Administration was hardly more Democratic than that of Mr. Cleveland. For our part we are distinctly opposed to another Tyler candidacy.

And has Colonel Watterson no words of condemnation in his scintillating vocabulary for the reckless project of imposing the dictatorship of Julius Caesar upon a protesting republic? The American people have no liking for Caesarism, and we remember the time when no plume waved harder than that of Watterson in the fight against that giant evil. If the Democratic party should identify itself with the ambitious schemes of Julius Caesar its doom would be sealed. To be sure Colonel Watterson may say that Julius Caesar is dead, and that the extent of his deadness has even passed into a proverb. That may be true, but the Colonel will hardly assert that Caesar is as dead as Grover Cleveland. When the Cleveland ghost is walking what assurance can we have that any stone in the cemetery is in its place?

THE WOBBLING EARTH.

The reports from the disturbed Mohawk and Hudson River valleys indicate that an earthquake or something has happened up that way. Troy attributes the shock to a dynamite blast, and Saratoga sort of thinks a tremendous clap of thunder was guilty of rattling the windows and disturbing crockery. It really takes an expert to distinguish an ordinary earthquake, and even the expert is not sure. There was one in Nevada who thought he had located the earthquake hatchery of the whole country. His seismograph registered a mild shock every day at almost the same hour, and he prepared an essay on the periodicity of earthquakes that disproved all the theories in regard to the phenomena that had ever been promulgated. The essay never saw the light and the theories are still intact, because after several weeks' observation and investigation of earth strata and faults the scientist discovered that a neighbor's hog had got into the habit of crawling under his observatory every day to avoid the heat of the sun, and the seismographic enigma was the record of his daily passage under a low beam and not of an earthquake of regular habits.

Earthquakes are not counted as dangerous where they most occur, even when not caused by retiring swine, thunder or blasts. On the Pacific coast, where they have perceptible shocks three or four times a year, there has not been but one of consequence for twenty-five years, and there has never been one that would have attracted much attention at Charleston.

It may be that the disturbance up the river was not an earthquake at all, but merely the rather tardy settling of the tired State after the adjournment of the Legislature.

When a United States Senator who is accused of speculating in sugar stocks takes the floor and announces "It is only necessary for me to deny," etc., etc., he betrays a woful ignorance of the temper of the public. There is a robust desire for a little evidence which will throw some light on the proceedings.

The announcement that Hon. John W. Foster is to be the next Minister to Spain will be reassuring to the country. The people were beginning to worry and wonder just what office Hon. John W. Foster would get when he completed his present junket.

One of Cincinnati's boodling officials has been convicted and recommended to the mercy of the court. The jury evidently felt called upon to apologize for performing its duty.

Ensign Stone is to be congratulated on the fact that Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has not seen fit to take personal charge of his love affair.

The Democrats of Kentucky have formally decided to remain Democratic, thus ignoring the suggestions that have been pouring in on them from various outside sources.

At any rate General Miles will return to us fully equipped to talk on "The Battles I Have Missed" and "The Joys of a Jubilee."

The Republican party is able to felicitate itself on the fact that the Pennsylvania workingmen do their rioting between elections.

The Waldorf Democracy will have to execute another dinner if it wants to get a place on the programme for this year's events.

Tom Reed is unable to see much difference between a Jerry Simpson of a time and a James Hamilton Lewis of a time.

The Administration didn't employ any messenger boy service in recognizing the belligerency of the Cheyenne Indians.

General Miles's association with Prince Constantin shows that it didn't require much time for him to tire of the war.

It appears that Mr. Roosevelt is working his old specialty of discovering his mistakes after they are made.

The news from the frontier justifies the conclusion that Almighty Voice died with his lungs on.

Spain may send Campos to Cuba to succeed Weyler, but it is too late to save the game by a change of pitchers.

Tom Reed could simply refuse to recognize any bullet a crank might happen to fire at him.

Society Smiles at Swits Conde.

SWITS CONDE is new. He is also rich. In the eyes of New York society the desirability of the latter condition materially mitigates the offensiveness of the former.

There are so many things that a rich man may buy—a fine house in the fashionable quarter, a box at the opera, a conspicuous place in the Horse Show, rich traps for Park driving, enrolment in the social list, adulation of the social fringe.

The possession of all these things and the ability to purchase more of the same kind as the spirit of desire moves him to action have brought Swits Conde to the attention of the fashionable world. They have aroused even the envy of those people that most keenly realize the power of money in New York society because they lack its possession.

But there is something about new money that the socially elect of Gotham do not relish. It has a glare that hurts the eyes. It has an odor that curbs the nostrils.

The softening influence of time is necessary to remove these objectionable features.

The salon and the shop must not be in the same generation.

That is the unwritten social law. It was applied to the Vanderbilt millions. The Gould fortune is not yet exempt from its application. Money kings like Huntington and Brice and Yerkes are still under the ban.

What, then, must be said of Swits Conde? If the Four Hundred is squeamish about railroad money first hand from the maker thereof, how must it feel about money made from the manufacture of knit underwear?

If it took a generation to let in the Vanderbilts, is it remarkable that society only smiles at Swits Conde?

But it isn't Swits Conde's money or his social aspiration or his "knit goods" that is disturbing the ribbles of society just now. It is his attitude toward Ensign Stone, of the United States Navy.

From all accounts, that young officer has more love than cash, a condition that appealed powerfully to Swits Conde's daughter, but engendered no sympathy in the knitted and knitted heart of Swits Conde himself.

Cupid came so powerfully to the aid of Ensign Stone that Swits Conde was put sorely on the defensive to save his daughter.

And here it was that he did the extraordinary thing that has caused society to smile. He applied to the United States Navy to protect the name of Swits Conde against the amorous onslaughts of the ardent ensign.

That is something new; newer, even, than Swits Conde's money. It opens possibilities that were never even dreamed of.

Every time that a millionaire's daughter reciprocates a penniless officer's affection, all that an objecting parent has to do is to lodge a complaint and have a court martial instituted.

And if this may be done in the navy, why not in the army? I fancy I see in all this a way to square a long-standing account between civilian chappies and the arrogant dudes in gold lace and brass buttons that are ordinarily so irresistible to the chappies.

But that is another story.

The main point in this Swits Conde affair—and here it is that the smile breaks into a laugh—is that "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" is the charge lodged with the Secretary of the Navy against Ensign Stone by the "knit goods" millionaire.

The only fact disclosed by the opera box court-martial now investigating this grave charge is that Ensign Stone loved the daughter of Swits Conde and wished to marry her.

On this evidence Swits Conde still presses his charge. He would have Ensign Stone found guilty.

Ensign Stone loves Swits Conde's daughter and wishes to marry her.

Ensign Stone is guilty of "conduct unbecoming a gentleman."

Ergo, to love Swits Conde's daughter and to wish to marry her is "conduct unbecoming a gentleman."

There is no "knit goods" underwear about that logic. It is conspicuously clear to all the world with the possible exception of Swits Conde.

And that is why society elevates its eyebrows and curls up the corners of its mouth at every mention of Swits Conde.

But what are we to think of the navy of the United States wasting time over such a fool thing as this?

How long has it been since the Naval Department undertook to regulate the love affairs of its officers?

How much attention would have been paid to such a charge against Ensign Stone if it had concerned the daughter of one of the weavers in Swits Conde's mills and had been lodged by the day laborer instead of the "knit goods" millionaire?

We are living in an age of tommy rot.

"Angie" Belmont left yesterday for a short run into Kentucky to look over his big blue grass breeding establishment.

Racing will continue just the same, and Hamilton Hercules Cary will represent fashion at the Gravesend track in the absence of the president of the Jockey Club.

Coming down Broadway yesterday afternoon I passed Willie K. Vanderbilt sitting in an open car and smoking a cigar.

Within a block was a countryman in a horseless carriage and smoking a cigar.

Then came Louis Wormser lolling back in a hansom and smoking a cigar.

I don't know who the countryman was, but it is not improbable that the wealth and gentility of the gentlemen, as well as the excellence of their cigars, were in an inverse ratio to the expensiveness of their means of locomotion.

Among those sailing to-day are Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hoffman, Miss Callender, Miss De Forest, Miss De Baril, Mrs. Gordon McKay, Mrs. J. Chandler Moore, Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Miss Susan Livingston, Miss Rhineclander, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Keim, Mrs. Henry G. Hilton, F. W. Stevens, Baron Rosenkrantz and Fred Hoy.

I don't know which of the nine Barons Rosenkrantz this is, but it really doesn't matter. Fred Hoy is of very much more interest. He had his gun with him, and expects to make his expenses by shooting pigeons.

Fred May is going to spend the Summer at Bar Harbor with his mother and sister. There was a time when the North Pole would have been too warm as a Summer resort for Fred May. That was a long time ago, but the glow of his memory is still ruddy. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

SHOULD THE CITY OWN QUASI-PUBLIC WORKS?

More Opinions Concerning City Control of Transportation Lines, Gas Works, &c., by Prominent Citizens of the Greater New York.

A NEGATIVE, WITH REASONS.

Editor the New York Journal:

You ask me what I think of the municipal ownership of public franchises. "I am a Democrat," and Democratic doctrine was and is—unless all Democratic doctrine have been overthrown by the Chicago cyclone—that "the party governs best which governs least." It is not to be denied that success has been made occasionally of public management of large undertakings which affect the public, but by comparison how many more are the failures! Take the Post Office, which is often referred to as an example in favor of the plan because it might be worse. We cannot send a letter in the city of New York with even an approximate idea of the time of its delivery; in this city, where the profits of the business are enormous, we must put on a ten-cent stamp for special delivery if we want to be sure that it will go across the street before the morning after mailing. That makes twelve cents for what would be well remunerated by one.

Then look at our public docks, our public streets, our parks—those which we have to leave in the hands of officials—and think what they might and would be if we could possibly get them into private hands.

Why, the oppressions of the very corporations which enjoy the franchises are only "proof strong as Holy Writ" of the same incapacity. There is no inherent difficulty in preventing the abuse of the rights conferred by franchise. For instance, there is complaint of the overcrowding of the elevated railroads. Well, nothing is easier than to specify in the charter that the Mayor of the city shall have the right of determining how many trains shall be run if he shall think that the public is not accommodated satisfactorily. That that is not done and we find the city continually betrayed, as seems to have been the case with the right to repurchase the Eighth avenue road, is evidence that we should do no better in a broader field; there is no known abuse that cannot be guarded against if the people will only punish those officials who do not guard their interests. If this is impossible of accomplishment, will it be any easier to protect the people when operations are on a far grander scale and the temptations to betrayal of trust much greater? Most of the charters for street railways provide that the companies shall keep the roadway covered by their tracks free from snow. How do they comply with this provision? The snow plough which toses it in showers on the rest of the roadway, or even on the sidewalks, is the answer, and citizens who object are arrested and fined for interfering with the railroad. Is this the legal meaning of that clause? If so, why have not our municipal representatives amended it in later grants? If they are not faithful in small things, will they be in great? I could amplify these views to any extent, but have said enough to explain why I am not in favor of governmental control of any more business than it cannot avoid.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

Views of Senator Pavey on Municipal Franchises.

Editor the New York Journal:

The treatment of municipal franchises in New York has been of the most haphazard character. The controversy over the change of motive power on the Sixth and Eighth avenue street car lines has developed the fact that back in 1851 there was a sporadic Board of Aldermen that grasped the idea of reserving to the city a reversionary interest in the right of way granted to the railroad companies. The arbitrary method of fixing by legislation the rates which street railway gas or electric light companies may charge is but little better in principle than reserving an assessment on the stockholders and appropriating the proceeds to public purposes.

A more consistent, just and advantageous treatment of such questions may be hoped for in future. An association for the public control of franchises has been founded upon a platform the cardinal plank of which is that "all franchises which depend upon exclusive rights in public property should be granted only for public purposes and for limited periods." An intelligent application of this rule to all grants of franchises or new privileges to owners of old franchises will in time result in great good to the public.

FRANK D. PAVEY,
Senator, Fifteenth District, New York.

Public Should Control Public Franchises, Says W. D. McGrackan, the Author.

Editor the New York Journal:

I am unreservedly in favor of the public control of public franchises. I care not so much whether this control be expressed by actual administration or merely by regulation. The public ownership of public franchises is the vital principle. The latter may be recognized by the fact that the right of eminent domain enters into them. They are the natural, one might almost say the preordained, sources of public revenue. They grow in value as the community grows in size and needs more revenue; they lose value as the community contracts and needs less.

All that public franchises are they owe to the community. The community can, therefore, give and take away. It is paramount. Let there be no mistake about that when the question of rights is put forward by the corporations. The public is not under obligations to make terms with the corporations, but the corporations with the public. Everything depends upon the point of view.

One of the objections against governmental administration of public franchises which has been made so often in this country is the fear of corruption. I used to feel the same anxiety, but observation leads infallibly to the following conclusion:

Whenever public servants are brought into direct and constant contact with the public, their service remains honest and business like. Witness the most office, for example, the efficiency of which nobody disputes. Civil service reform helps materially, but there seems to be some natural process which eliminates those who are not fit. Besides it is an expression of the law of the survival of the fittest.

The same effect would doubtless show itself in public telegraph and telephone systems. The conductors on a municipal cable car or on a State railroad train would be as efficient as the Federal mail carrier. Don't worry about public control of franchises on the score of corruption. As long as the service is close to the people, it will take care of itself.

W. D. MCCRACKAN,
Author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic."

Plunder the Purpose of Private Ownership, Says Jerome O'Neill.

Editor the New York Journal:

Under the system of the "almighty dollar," private interests have many advocates of the highest ability who are always retained by a partition of the plunder. But how few are interested in advocating the welfare of the common people! Everybody's business is nobody's business, and talents of high order are seldom on the side of the people.

Of the objections to public ownership, control and operation of railroads, there are many able arguments by the talented, but very few who are able that don't follow the fashion and side with private interests. Of the many objections that have been made against municipal ownership, control and operation, the two principal ones—first, that private control and operation can be done cheaper and better, and second, that the great army of employees would necessarily tend to keep political parties in power—are about the only ones that need attention.

As to the question of cheapness of private operation, there is no denial that they are run so cheaply that the convenience and accommodation of the people (for whom they are supposed to be run) is the last consideration that enters the heads of the managers. Cheap light, cheap construction that becomes dangerous to the lives of passengers, but not cheap fares.

The first large public discussion of municipal ownership, control and operation of railroads was by Henry George, labor's champion for Mayor in the campaign of 1888. Started in that famous fight, it has gone on among the masses of workmen, until now in the Greater New York eight out of every ten are in favor of municipal ownership, control and operation of railroads. I am firmly convinced that the business of carrying passengers and freight is a Government function, from the fact that it is limited in competition and of so general a character and so necessary to all individual businesses. Such power in private hands is a constant menace to individual enterprise and interests. It can make or break a town, as it has done here and there all over the United States, and the slightest discrimination of rates rules the individual business of whomever it is against.

JEROME O'NEILL,
Secretary of the Central Labor Union of New York City.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Yes," said Lieutenant Peary, as he looked about him preparing to start for the North Pole again. "Yes, we have made every possible arrangement for our journey. We are prepared to face the coldest kind of climate."

He paused a moment, and added sternly: "We shall even start from Boston."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"You remember," said the gentleman in the bald wig, "how all the world went to Chicago four years ago?"

"I do," answered the gentleman in the peacock whiskers.

"Well, now, all the world has gone to Wheeling."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher—Define the word "objectively" and give a sentence in which it is used correctly.

Boy (after several moments of profound contemplation)—Objectivity is the quality of being objectionable. Some persons have a great objection to working.—Chicago Tribune.

She (in grand staid)—Hence, are these the players they call the Colts?

He—Oh, yes, these are the "Colts."

She—And some of these days, I suppose, they will be what you call charley horses, won't they?—Chicago Tribune.

"Miss May, I have called to invite you to attend our class day performance. I take part, you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Beasley, but I have another engagement."

"Then the weather man was right."

"In what way?"

"He said 'Heavy frost to-night'—good evening. Miss Dinglebat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wayworn Watson—Everything is gittin' to everybody save the point.—Chicago Post.

Miss Titmouse Had Big Faith.

Experience teaches that nothing is more conducive to the enjoyment of personal liberty and a long and honored life than a career of boresdom, tireless rascality, and for that reason it is surprising to learn that Mr. Perrin H. Sumner is about to crown a criminal existence of nearly one-third of a century with a six-years' term in State prison, where he will be forced to associate with murderers, highwaymen, bank burglars and other of his inferiors in crime. Mr. Sumner belongs to the class that thrives on human ignorance and credulity. There are plenty of men of this sort about, and most of them owe their success to the Arabian Nights flavor of the tales that they recite to their intended victims. Scarcely a month passes that we do not find some story of this sort gravely set forth in the columns of the contemporary press:

"A plausible gentleman wearing a black broadcloth suit and a white cravat called yesterday upon Miss Tabitha Titmouse, a wealthy maiden lady of pious habits, who has lived for the past forty years in a handsome house on the main street of Schenectady, and told her that he was her brother Ike, who had left home at the age of seven to seek his fortune in Australia, and had just returned from that far-away land with an enormous fortune, which he desired to leave to her."

"Miss Titmouse was at first inclined to be suspicious, as she had never had but one brother, the Rev. Gideon Titmouse, of Elmira, a well-known Baptist divine, but when the stranger produced papers written in a language which she could not understand, and purporting to prove that he was really what he claimed to be, she became convinced, and extended to her supposed new-found relative a cordial welcome, begging him to make his home with her as long as he remained in this country."

"The next morning the brother informed her that he was going to New York to collect from his bankers a million dollars, which he desired to settle upon her at once as a proof of his affection, but in order to secure this money, which was held by the Australian Government for his benefit, it would be necessary for him to comply with the Australian law, which compelled every man collecting money under such conditions to present himself at the bank with a live kangaroo, the deeds to some real estate, \$20,000 in cash and a diamond bosom pin. It was merely a matter of form, he explained, and he hoped it would not inconvenience her to let him have the money, the deeds and the diamond pin, which he had already observed in her dress. The kangaroo he would provide himself, as he had brought one from Australia for this express purpose, and had left it at the Windsor Hotel, in order that it might be on hand in just such an emergency as this."

"The story seemed so plausible to Miss Titmouse that she immediately decided over to him the house in which she lives, placed the pin in his shirt and drew from the bank the sum of \$10,000, which was all she had there. Mr. Titmouse said it would be an easy matter for him to raise the other thousand from his friend, John Jacob Astor, and at once started for New York, bidding Miss Titmouse an affectionate farewell and assuring her that he would return at the end of the week and settle the bulk of his fortune on her. As nothing was heard of the plausible stranger for several days thereafter, Miss Titmouse became uneasy, fearing that he might have met with foul play, and sent a telegram to the bank, asking if the money had been paid over to her brother. To her great surprise she received a telegram in response to the effect that nothing was known of Abner Titmouse or his kangaroo—the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel also denied any acquaintance with the latter animal—and the following morning a stranger arrived in Schenectady to take possession of the homestead, which he had purchased for the sum of \$7,000."

A great many people who read of the earnings of swindlers of this variety exclaim sadly: "How successful that man might have been if he had only been honest, and put the same industry and ability into some legitimate calling that he did into his ingenious practices!" These philosophers are altogether wrong. The Sumners of the town know their business. And why should a man worry himself with hard work and wear out his brains with attention to detail when he can always collect from five to fifty thousand dollars from some miser who has not spent an extra dollar in twenty years on the strength of a fairy tale that would be received with contemptuous incredulity by any one of the monkeys in Central Park?

It is related of the head of the now famous house of Conde, whose daughter has been imprisoned in a moated castle in West Fifty-sixth street all because of the love of a gallant ensign, that very soon after he began to put on style as felt the necessity for a coat-of-arms and blandly appropriated for himself that of the Prince de Conde. An Oswego wit remarked at the time that it was an undershirt of arms, in pleasant allusion to the fact that Mr. Conde was engaged in the manufacture of knit underwear.

The arrest of Cora Rountt on the charge of stealing silverware, while it will undoubtedly add to her professional value, has sent a thrill of dismay through the many pleasant side streets where the twang of the banjo is heard these Summer nights and the soubrettes "rest" after their professional labors and make merry among themselves. There is scarcely one of these soubrettes who does not boast of a large and interesting collection of towels, napkins, forks, spoons that they have appropriated while on their travels from one hotel to